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DRAMAtical Murder re:code - [Clear x Aoba]

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Route Summary (comparison with original game)

||| New CGs: 3

||| Edited CG: 1

||| Main differences: New scene replacing NSFW scene.

Bad Ending

Edited CG:

Original:



Re:code:



||| Extra: New CG - Scene where Clear sang for Aoba in Glitter.

Clear: "Erm, Master. I have a request."

Aoba: "Nn?"

Clear: "Would you listen to my song?"

Aoba: "Song?"

Clear: "Yes. I want to sing a song for Master because Master taught me new things. Is it okay?"

Aoba: "Sure."

I wonder what type of song he would sing for me.

Clear took a breath before he started singing



||| Extra: **Additional Dialogues @ Touch:**



Clear: □Master's words give me an unbelievable feeling. They make me feel... enlightened. And they relieve me so much.□

Aoba: □There's nothing to be afraid of. There's nothing weird about you. Don't worry.□

T/N: Unlike the other routes, Clear's additional dialogue was actually in this CG, which can also be found in the original. (It took me some time to find it, I thought they didn't include it lmao!) So yeah, then I guess the dialogues make sense here w

||| New Scene Translation

Change happens right after Clear says "I want to touch you." Also, they rerecorded this entire scene~

Edited CG:

Original:



re:code:



I want to do whatever I can now. That's the only thing I had in my mind.

Even when Clear becomes like this, I still want to protect him with all I can.

I want to tell Clear how much his effort means to me.

I want to make him happy, to make him feel at peace.

He worked so hard for me; he's done so much for me. All I ever want now is to cherish him as much as I can.

For that, I'll do anything.

Aoba: "...okay."

Aoba: "Do whatever you like."

Clear: "Aoba-san..."

Aoba: "So... don't say this as if it's your last wish or anything."

Smiling bitterly, Clear hugs me, without any further response.

Changing position, I lean against the wall.

Aoba: "Clear, your body."

Clear: "It's okay. More importantly, is this really okay?"

Aoba: "It's okay."

Clear: "Really?"

Aoba: "...yeah."

Clear: "....."

After giving out a sigh, he inches closer to me.

We close our eyes, quietly pressing our lips against each other.

I can feel Clear's warmth on my face. Slowly, he intertwines our fingers and holds my hand.

Aoba: ".....!"

Then, pieces of his skin start coming off at where we touch.

Maybe it's best if we stop this. Bearing that thought, I look at Clear.

He looks like he's trying to figure out my thoughts as he pulls a slight distance between us.

Clear: "It's fine."

Aoba: "But.."

Clear: □More importantly, I want to touch you.□

Aoba: □....□

I want to save Clear, I want to grant his wish. That's all that's in my head.

And ironically, those are what contradicting me right now.

But, I can't stop here. Not now.

Because that's not what Clear wants.

So it's fine. This is fine...

Clear: □Aoba-san...□

Clear's broken hand touches my face, sliding down to my neck, then stopping on my chest as he caresses it against my shirt.

Looking at his now completely exposed mechanical hand, I hold my breath.

This is the truth – Clear is slowly collapsing. It's painful when I think about it.

But I immediately try to brush that thought off.

If this is what we can't escape from, or rather, just because this is what we can't avoid, I want to touch Clear more. I want to feel more of him.

I want to know more about him...

Aoba: □....□

As if trying to memorize every part of my body, Clear caresses my body cautiously.

Then, he slowly picks me up.

Trying not to give too much burden to his body, I lean towards him and rest my face against his shoulder.

We press our heads together.

The sound of broken pieces dropping onto the floor becomes the only sound in the room. No matter how hard I try not to look at it, I can still see the broken pieces lying on the floor. It hurts. I can't stop staring at them as I bite my lips.

Aoba: □Clear, are you okay?□

Clear: □I'm fine.□

Aoba: "Maybe we should really stop..."

Clear: "No."

Clear said that with a firm voice.

Clear: "Please don't stop. Please."

Aoba: "..."

Clear: "I'm fine, I really am..."

Without finishing his words, Clear gives out a painful shrug.

The strength in his hands leaves him, he releases me and falls.

Aoba: "Clear!"

I hurriedly grab onto him before he could fall to the ground.

Thanks to the impact, more pieces start to fall off his body.

I carefully support Clear to lie down as I weakly grab onto the sleeves of his shirt.

Clear: "I'm so sorry for causing you more trouble..."

Aoba: "Just stop talking."

Clear: "Aoba-san... Can I request for one more thing..."

Aoba: "...huh?"

Clear: "Can you hug me?"

His face is twisted into a painful expression, saying that alone seems to be taking away most of his energy.

Aoba: "....."

Biting my lips, I carefully carry Clear's body up and place his head on my arms.

I can't give him a firm hug, I don't want to break him further... Like how I'd hug a small kid, I gently stroke Clear's face before bringing it to lean against my chest.

Clear gives out a quiet sigh, his face now less painful.

Clear: "It's such a wonderful thing to be able to be hugged by someone."

Aoba: □Clear...□

Clear: □My grandfather used to hug me as well...□

Reminiscing the past, Clear's gaze softens.

Clear: □When I created the Jellyfish song, I wanted my grandfather to listen to it...□

Clear: □He clapped his hands, complimented me, then, he hugged me.□

Clear: □But, even when he was smiling, somehow, I can still sense sorrow on his face. I never knew why he's showing that kind of face, until now...□

Clear: □When my grandfather hugged me, I can feel his warmth. It's like being wrapped in a big warm towel.□

Clear: □Then... for some reason, I feel something remarkable.□

Clear: □Now that I think about it.... I might be feeling how happiness supposed to feel like at that time.□

Clear: □I should've thanked him then. But now... I can properly thank you, Aoba-san.□

Clear: □Thank you...□

Clear: □Aoba-san is so warm, you're so kind. You make me feel so relieved. Somehow, it's like.... it's a bit different from the time with my grandfather.□

Clear: □When my grandfather hugged me, like I said just now, it's like being wrapped in a big warm towel...□

Clear: □But when Aoba-san hugs me, I feel so happy, my chest aches, I... I want to hug you back so badly....□

Clear: □But now I can't do that...□

Aoba: □It's enough, don't talk anymore, Clear...□

Clear: □'It's fine even if I die', those words, is it appropriate to use them now...□

Aoba: □I told you to stop talking like this...□

Aoba: □You'll not die. You'll not. I'll save you.□

Clear: □....okay.□

Clear: □Aoba-san, I like you. Sincerely...□



Now is not the time to cry.

I should save Clear. I'm not supposed to cry.

That's what I think, but...

Clear looks at me with a smile on his face, and before I know it, I'm tearing up, tears flowing down my face.

Clear's body continues to break down, even his insides...

But even so, Clear is still smiling, he seems so happy.

I...

Aoba: □(crying sound)□

Clear: □...Aoba-san...□

Clear wipes my tear away with his finger.

Grabbing the hand, I lean down and kiss his lips, then the two holes near his chin.

I want to cherish him, I want to protect him...

Clear: □(Clear struggling sounds)□

A loud sound disrupts the silence in the room. Sparks ignite from Clear's chest as he shakes violently.

Aoba: □Clear...?!□

With a painful expression on his face, he pushes me away and falls onto the floor.

Aoba: 「Are you okay...?!」

Clear: 「....Yeah.... Sorry.」

What happens after is basically the scene where Clear... yeah.

(「DRAMAtical Murder re:code」の「DRAMAtical Murder」のシーン)